

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17th, 1884.

VOL. V. NO. 26.

QUINCY CARDS.

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Corner Fifth and Ohio streets.

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Manufacturer of all kinds of
STEAM BOILERS,
Coal Oil, Lard and Water Tanks,
Coolers, Kettles, Etc.,
Also all kinds of Iron, Steel, Brass and
Copperwork. Special attention given to all kinds
of repairing. Orders by mail or telephone promptly
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Buy and sell lands, town property, etc., on
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great bargains. Taxes paid. Rents collected. Abstracts
furnished, and accounts collected promptly.
Correspondence solicited. All business looked
after with care and promptness. Office—South
east corner square, over Hamilton's Drug Store.
Room No. 2. -1814

A. M. SMITH, H. E. PATTERSON
A. M. SMITH & CO.,
Real Estate, Tax-Paying and Insurance Agents
Notary Public, Etc.,
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Buy and sell on commission make collections, ex-
amine titles, furnish abstracts, write deeds of
conveyance. Have for sale large tracts of the most
desirable grazing land at low figures. Offer to Adair
or adjoining counties, well watered and can give
time on payment to suit purchaser. With low rate
of interest. Lands especially adapted to sheep
raising, being elevated and rolling. Have also
large list of improved farms in tract from 50 acres
down to 100 acres, all well watered and fertile.
Many desirable amount near market and contiguous
to existing railroads. Also town property and build-
ing sites. No real estate free—correspondence with non
residents owning lands or town property in this or
adjoining counties is respectfully solicited. No
charge without sale is effected.

A. J. FOWLER'S
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KIRKSVILLE, MO.

(East side square over Hamilton's Drug Store)
I will give you the Best Suit of Clothes for the
least money.

HENRY BESTMAN
UNDERTAKER.
Has opened a shop on the Northeast corner of
the square and keeps a full line of
COFFINS, BURIAL CASES, ETC.
On hand at low rates. Orders promptly filled.
On short notice, and is prepared to do all kinds of
work in the cabinet line.

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WOOD, COAL ETC.,
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Office over Savings Bank - Kirkville, Missouri.

J. H. CARTER,
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Dental rooms on North Side Square, New brick.
All work warranted. -1801

CHAS. S. BOSCHOW,
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Will attend calls at all hours. Office new
rooms in rear of Hamilton's Drug Store. -1801-17

W. D. OLDMAN,
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KIRKSVILLE, MO.

Office—Over Hops & Hops' store South Side
Square. -1814

UP SALT RIVER.

(Air "Way down on the Swallow River.")
Way up old Salt River,
Oh so far away,
Where candidates are left to shiver,
There's where democrats stay,
To them it is cold and dreary
So far away from home
Their voyage now is over,
No more they wish to roam.

CHORUS,
Oh how the Democrats shiver,
No more they want to roam,
Away up old Salt River
They always find a home.
Cleveland and Hendricks weaken
All along the line,
White Blaine is growing stronger
And Logan's prospects shine,
But alas poor old Grover
Your clothes lie in the air,
Have passed away like vapor,
Or the famous five cent fare.
Chorus—Oh how the Democrats shiver, etc.,
And now for old Salt River,
Poor Grover must depart,
And he'll return no more,
Though it almost breaks his heart,
No more we'll have you roam,
But away up old Salt River,
You find a quiet home.
Chorus—Oh how the Democrats shiver, etc.,

His Friend and Adviser.

BY M. J. ROY.

Author of "Walter Brownfield,"
"Stage Struck," "The Hired Girl,"
etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

TWO QUEER OLD PEOPLE.

The gables of the great old fashion-
ed country house reflected the rays
of the setting sun. The windows in the
west wall like a vast ball of fire, which
threatened at any moment to consume
the entire building. It was a large old
house surrounded by a grove of
solemn walnuts and elms. Just when
that building had been erected no one
knew exactly, but it was certainly at a
very early date in the country's history.
We find it now sadly out of repair.
The paint has almost entirely worn
from the thick walnut boards and col-
umns. Here and there a broken shutter
is made the sport of the wind, the
creaking hinges suggesting to the
mind of the timid ghosts and goblins
flitting through the air. The great
porch which extends along almost the
entire front of the house begins to
show evidences of decay. The vast
columns supporting the roof are brown
with time and the wood rotted with
age. The floor has many boards in it
which would be treacherous beneath a
heavy weight. The stack of tall
chimneys which seem to have been
gathered in a cluster at the center of
the roofs and gables, have grown
black with age.

The house stood on a hill but a few
rods from a well traveled thorough-
fare, and in one of the most fertile
regions of the whole country.

The blue hills lying across the fer-
tile fields were covered with verdure
and forests to their summits. The
golden sunlight falling upon the hazy
mist-like veil in the distance, seemed
to give it a tint which defied an
artist's skill. The black upheaved
soil prepared to receive the seed corn
was of the richest quality. In front of
the buildings and across the thorough-
fare was a bottom covered with short,
green grass and a few oaks now green
with fresh young leaves. These for-
med bowers for hundreds of feathered
songsters which warbled forth their lays
the entire summer. Beyond this bot-
tom plain was a creek which flowed
almost parallel with the road for a mile
below the house where it crossed it,
being spanned at the crossing with a
strong iron framed bridge.

The Vane place as the quaint old-
fashioned house was called, though
having within it the elements of luxury
and prosperity, was year by year fall-
ing into a worse state of dilapidation
and decay. The once strong oak
fence was rotten, and threatened to
soon fall to pieces. In fact there were
broken panes mended here and there
with rough poles or a thorn bush
drawn into the opening to mend the
gap. The barn was old and the paint
having entirely disappeared, left the
wooden boards and strips to the ex-
posure of the weather. The fence
about the barn lot was in as bad a
state as any other part of the premises.
Two or three old horses with sharp
pointed hip bones were standing on
the sunny side of the barn. Their
ribs were plainly marked against their
shaggy coats which in the early spring
had not been shed. The old wagon
and ancient rockaway standing in the
leaky shed were in keeping with all
about the Vane homestead.

Sitting on the long porch in her
ancient rocking chair was Margaret
Vane, the mistress of the homestead.
She was as old and decrepit as was

the farm. Margaret was a half owner
in the homestead. She was no wife or
mother, though nearing sixty years,
but an old maid. Her brother Reuben
and herself had owned and lived on
the Vane homestead ever since their
father died and bequeathed it to them.
Reuben, like herself had never been
married, and for many years the aged
couple had lived alone. It was fre-
quently the dispute among the young
people of the neighborhood as to
which of the two was the oldest. It
was generally conceded by all that
Margaret was a few years the senior of
her brother.

She rose from the chair on which
she had been sitting, and laying the
woolen stocking upon a rustic bench
at her side, walked down to the gate
as rapidly as her stiffened knees and
creaking joints would permit. There
was a scowl upon her face which made
it appear hideous. No wonder chil-
dren avoided her, and no one could
wonder that Margaret Vane had re-
mained single all her life. Surely there
could be no lovable quality about
one so frightfully homely as she.

Children had avoided her and grown
up people shunned her, until she came
at last to avoid every one and became
a recluse. When one came near
enough Margaret Vane, they would
discover that the scowl upon her face
was more the result of imperfect vision
than ill nature. She was afflicted with
that deformity called near sightedness
to such an extent that she was forced
to strain her optics in order to see
any object however conveniently near.
She stood leaning upon the gate scowl-
ing along the dusty road. A farmer
came along in his wagon and cast a
glance of pity and disgust at the poor
unfortunate creature standing by the
gate. It was the sound of his wagon
which had brought her from the long
porch, for her hearing was keen even
if her eye sight was dim. She scowled
at the farmer as he drove past.

"I swan Mag Vane gets uglier every
day," the farmer remarked to him-
self.

Poor Miss Vane notwithstanding
her forbidding appearance, had no
enmity against mankind. True she
had been neglected and shunned, and
driven to retire within herself, but she
bore no ill will against the public for
having ostracized her.

"It is 'bout time for Reuben to
come," she said to herself in that
strange, husky voice which one accus-
toms one's self to after long isolation.
Her ears already heard the sound of
footsteps approaching and she contin-
ued to scowl down the road until a
form which grew up before her defect-
ive vision became more and more
familiar until she recognized her
brother.

He was a medium sized, sad faced
man clothed in coarse homespun
farmer's garb. His straw hat was brown-
ed with rains and sun of more than
one summer. His beard was over
two weeks' growth and well flecked
with gray. His pale blue eyes were
timid and seemed anxious to avoid
meeting even the scowling vision of
his sister. Silently the brother entered
the gate, very much with the air of a
crushed man. He was too stained
and his brow bore evidences of per-
secution.

"Has anyone been here?" he asked
in a low voice, very much like a crim-
inal seeking to avoid detection.

"No," she answered.

A look of relief overspread his fea-
tures and he followed his sister up the
sadly neglected walk to the great
porch.

"Sit down here, Reuben, it is cooler.
Wait and rest and I will prepare your
supper for you soon."

With more of the tender solicitude
of a mother than a sister she gave him
the easy chair she herself had occu-
pied and taking his well worn and
faded straw hat hung it in the hallway.
There was an air of refinement and
good breeding about Miss Vane which
neither her age nor ugliness could
conceal. Her tender sympathy for
that brother whose life seemed so dark
and full of care should have won the
respect of even those who avoided
her on account of her personal appear-
ance.

While the ancient maiden busied
herself preparing the evening meal her
brother sat in a timid state, casting
fugitive glances down the road. Had
he been some poor criminal momentar-
ily expecting the officers of the law
to come and drag him to prison, he
could not have been more nervous.

When supper was arranged Margaret
came to inform her brother. She
tried to smile, but the frightful scowl
usurped it and terminated with a sigh.
With an accompanying sigh he arose
and followed her to the rear porch
where the table had been spread. She
got an ancient basin with clean, cool
water for her brother to wash away the
stains of toil. Then providing him
with a clean towel, he was soon ready
for the evening meal.

The sun had meanwhile gone down
and the candle lighted. No blessing
was asked upon the food that was
spread before them. Margaret sat for
a long while expecting to hear her

brother's voice returning thanks to
him to whom we owe all our com-
forts, but Reuben quietly and as sol-
emnly as he went about all other mat-
ters, proceeded with his supper.

"He has forgotten it," said Margaret
to herself and pouring out her tea
followed his example, when supper was
almost over the sister asked.

"Will you go after her to-morrow?"
Reuben raised his timid eyes to
those of his sister with an appealing
look.

"She comes on the train does she
not?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to Kingston
to-morrow."

"Why not? Have you not business
with Mr. Osborne?"

"No, no, no, I don't want to see
him."

"But he wants to see you."

"Has he been here?" There was
a world of pent up agony and uneas-
iness in this question.

"No, not to-day," answered Miss
Vane, the scowl on her wrinkled face
growing intense, "but he said when he
was here before that he would want to
see you soon."

The miserably man shuddered and
proceeded in silence to finish his sup-
per. When he at last pushed back
his chair from the table he gathered
up sufficient courage and resolution to
look his sister in the face a moment.

"Margaret," he said in a pleading man-
ner, "won't you go for her?"

She realized that he had an aversion
to the task and that was sufficient for
her to decide. She had never refused
to make her brother's burden as light
as possible, and she answered:

CHAPTER II.

CLAUDIA HALL.

It was high noon when the train
came in to Kingston. The little, in-
significant village had but a small
crowd of idlers gathered round on the
platform of the depot. Among them
were a few boys who had nothing to
do but make mischief, or gaze with
brazen impudence on the passengers.

Long before the train came in people
were assembling at the depot some to
go away, others to meet friends.

Standing apart from all others, with
her face shaded by a prodigious sun
bonnet, and beneath which she scowled
about her, was Miss Vane. She
was soon the object of attraction es-
pecially of the boys. Her being so
seldom seen at Kingston was enough
to arouse their curiosity.

"There's old Miss Vane," said one
urchin to another.

"Yes, what d'ye reckon she's doin'
here?"

"Dun' know—golly what a trown she's
got on her face. She's a horrid look-
in' thing ain't she?"

"Yes."

"What makes her do that?"

"Near sighted. She's very good to
us boys when we go up there a nuttin'
or to gather blackberries, but she's so
ugly that the dogs bark at sight of
her."

With no apparent interest she stood
watching the people, now scowling in
one direction, and then another. At
last a long line of black smoke appear-
ed in the distance which drew nearer
until one dense volume rolled up into
view above the hills and trees. A
great dark speck appeared on the top
of the bright rails, looking in the dis-
tance like a monster hog. Momentar-
ily the speck grew larger as it swept
along right over the track. On, on
and on it came until it developed into
the thundering, speeding train.

"Wonder if old Miss Vane is going
to go off," some one whispered.

Another one answered: "Maybe
she has come to meet some one."
Then there was a giggling and titter-
ing among the younger and more friv-
olous. The loud clanging of the bell
drowned further remarks or conversa-
tion. The train ran in and stopped
along side the depot. Several persons
descended from the cars to the plat-
form. Among them was a young girl
of about seventeen summers with large,
blue eyes and golden hair. She was
tall, graceful and pretty. Her travel-
ing duster bore evidences of a consid-
erable journey. She was beyond a
doubt a young lady of culture and re-
finement and at once excited the ad-
miration of all who saw her. She
stood gazing about her for a few mo-
ments as if perplexed. At last she ap-
proached an honest looking farmer
and said:

"I beg pardon, sir, but do you
know Reuben Vane?"

"Rube Vane, sartainly I do, young
lady. He lives out here about six
miles up the creek."

"Is he here?"

"No, Miss, I haint seen Rube to-
day."

At this moment the farmer's boy
who stood at his side touched his el-
bow and whispered:

"Pa, Miss Vane is here."

"Where?"

"There she stands by the corner o'
the depot."

Sure enough there stood the an-
cient maiden scowling about her to
the right and left, yet not venturing
to move from her position. The farmer
then turned to the girl and said:

"That's Miss Margaret Vane, young
lady, that old 'oman standing there by
the corner."

A look of disappointment came over
the fair young face as she caught sight

of that shriveled form and those scowl-
ing features, but it was only temporary.
She recovered herself almost at once,
and advancing to Miss Vane very
much like one who has a duty to per-
form and is determined to do it, with
the best grace possible she said:

"This is Miss Margaret Vane. Is it
not?"

"Yes, Miss, and this is Claudia."

"It is aunt Margaret," answered the
girl growing somewhat pale beneath
the scowl her relative gave her. Miss
Vane realizing that her new relative
might not be accustomed to her infir-
mity, strove to look pleasant and
smiled, but without making her effort
an entire success.

"You don't look much like I thought
you would," said her aunt, "you are
much prettier than I expected."

The tone was pleasant even if the
scowl was repulsive and Claudia blush-
ed as she answered:

"You do not hardly know me yet
aunt, and can't decide whether I am
pretty or not until you have studied
me."

"Oh yes, I know that pretty is as
pretty does, but I dare say you a very
nice girl Claudia. People who have
known you seem to think you are good
and we shall get along well I hope.
But," she added with a deep drawn
sigh, "I'm afraid my dear you'll find
our home a very cold and cheerless
place."

"I will make it cheerful for you
aunt, and you know beggars must not
be choosers," she said with a bewitch-
ing smile. Growing sad a moment
later she added: "I suppose you
know that my guardian having squan-
dered the little property left me by my
father, and his bondsmen being insol-
vent, I am penniless."

"Yes, yes child, you wrote all that to
us, so don't mention it, don't please.
You are welcome to our poor hospital-
ity, but it will be very poor indeed.
We live in a gloomy old house and are
two gloomy old people now. The day
was when we were bright and prosper-
ous, but not now, not now," and she
shook her old gray head and brushed
a tear from her eye."

"Why did not uncle Reuben come?"
Claudia asked in order to change the
subject.

"He's very busy and did not think
he could come."

The train moved on and old Marg-
aret with her niece at her side walked
away to where a sharp pointed horse
stood harnessed to the old well-worn
rockaway. The horse and carriage
were like the ancient lady, faded and
out of date. Driving back to the
depot she had the trunk of her niece
put in the carriage and then drove
carefully away lest the rickety old con-
cern might break down. The wheels
creaked and the bands rattled in a
threatening manner as the horse jugged
along the street. People turned
out to gaze at the pretty piece of old
Margaret, and there was many a sigh
for the poor girl as they saw her going
away to that dismal, gloomy home.

But Claudia was all sunshine herself.
She seemed capable of dispelling the
deep shadows even from that old
house on the hill. The drive home-
ward was not a pleasant one. Although
Margaret Vane made several efforts to
rouse up and be cheerful, habitual quiet
and gloom would assert itself and she
re-found herself sighing in the presence
of this young creature whose life she
would not by any means darken with
her cares.

Though Claudia sometimes felt a
chill coming over her, she was too
young, too full of hope and the glad
sunshine of youth to be long depressed.
She rallied easily and told her
aunt she loved the old and quaint and
she believed that their home was one
of those gloomy old chateaus of which
she had read in romance, and would
be delighted to stay there.

"Is it haunted?" she finally asked
with a smile.

"No child, do not fill your head with
any foolish notions. The place has
nothing romantic about it. It was
once prosperous enough, but now—
now it's kind of run down."

On venturing to ask what had made
it run down, the old lady scowled for
a moment as if trying to concentrate her
vision on something and after a mo-
ment's silence said:

"Your uncle Reuben got into law."
"Got into law. Oh, I should think
it would have been a very easy thing
to have got out."

The old lady shook her head sadly
and answered that it was no easy mat-
ter after one once got into law to get
out. The lawyers seem to get their
fingers about people's throats and
never let go until their veins had been
sucked dry. The conversation seem-
ed to greatly add to the gloom of the
ancient maiden, and Claudia was very
willing to change it to some more en-
livening topic. At last the gloomy
old house with its dark walls loomed
up before them. There was enough in
its appearance to have chilled the
heart of one of less vital force than
Miss Claudia, but she regarded it as
the most romantic, great gloomy old
house she had ever seen, and declared
she was delighted with it.

CHAPTER III.
THE ADVISER.

The sun was rising over the great
hill when Claudia awoke. She slept in
the east end of the house and the sun-
light fell directly in the room. It is
doubtful whether any portion of that
gloomy old house could be gloomy with

the bright presence of a young and
healthy girl. A robin who had built a
nest in the gable eaves began to warble
forth its lay, and Claudia who was usu-
ally an early riser sprang quickly from
her bed and began to arrange her toilet.
Her room looked down upon the gar-
den. The glow of crimson light shin-
ing through the latticed shutter came
flooding through and bathed the dingy
ceiling and paper hangings with its own
hue. There were curtains to Claudia's
bed, a dark antique canopy and a con-
spicuous festoon of a stuff which had
been rich, and even magnificent in its
time but which now brooded like a
shadow over where the girl had slept
making it night in that corner while all
else day light. With a bloom on her
cheek which might well dazzle and
rival even the morning light, Claudia
with her toilet arranged unfastened
and pushed open those old antique
shutters, massive and at one time
grand, but now faded and worn with
age and neglect.

The full light of the sun now flooded
the long neglected chamber with its
old fashioned hangings and furniture.
She was more inclined to devotion
from the grim aspect of the room and
its furniture more especially the tall
stiff chairs; one of which stood close by
her bedside and looked as if some old
fashioned personage had been sitting
there all night and had just escaped in
time to avoid discovery. After kneel-
ing in prayer she sat by the window
for a few moments enjoying the fresh
morning air, and the odors from a
magnificent rose bush which grew in
the garden.

She was still at the window when
her aunt called to her from the head
of the stairway to come to breakfast.
In the dining room she met her uncle. His
face was sad and haggard as if he had
been wrestling all night with some
great sorrow. The breakfast hour pass-
ed in almost complete silence. Claudia
made several efforts to rally her uncle
and bring a smile to his lips but they
were all failures. He sat and sighed
in solemn silence. He tried to be
cheerful evidently for her sake, but his
efforts only seemed to increase the sad-
ness.

"You will find this a gloomy old
house Claudia," he said last night tim-
idly. "There is nothing here to encourage
one to live."

"Oh uncle there is certainly much to
encourage one to live. The bright sun-
shine, the pure air, the beautiful land
scape and those nice singing robins
all seem to invite one to live. This old
house could be made a palace. Put on
a few fresh coats of paint, have the
fences mended and painted and let the
grass on the lawn be trimmed, then in
will be beautiful."

He sighed and declared it was no use.
Claudia was about to ask why, when
her aunt who had risen from the table
declared that she heard the sound of
buggy wheels. Claudia could not but
mark the change on her uncle's face.
It turned an almost deathly white, and
in a voice scarcely above a whisper he
gasped:

"Is it he? Has he come?"

Before any answer could be made a
loud knocking was heard at the front
door.

"Margaret, Margaret, he has come
again. Something has gone wrong,"
said the wretched man clutching the
thin wrist of his sister. Claudia was too
much astounded to ask what it meant
and sat irresolute and powerless to help
her poor relatives. The loud knocking
at the door was repeated and old Mar-
garet said:

"I will go and see, Reuben, it may
not be so bad after all as you think."

She left him all impatient and trem-
bling, and hurrying through the great
front room which had once been a re-
spectable parlor, came to the door.
Claudia heard her engaged in conversa-
tion with a man about thirty-five years
of age whose voice was deep and husky.

She could not understand his
words but his domineering voice was
harsh and grating. He entered the
sitting room unbidden and with marked
familiarity threw himself into an old
arm chair and said:

"I must see him. It is very impor-
tant."

There was such an air of command
about the voice that Claudia was an-
xious to see the man. When her aunt
came into the room and told Reuben
Vane that he would not be put off, the
girl noticed that her uncle was trem-
bling violently. What power had this
strange man over him, thought Claudia,
and filled with curiosity she went to
the door which was slightly ajar,
that she might be a witness to the in-
terview. The stranger was of medium
height, hair slightly flecked with gray.

He had a short mustache which he was
constantly twirling. He had a dark
brown eyes which were restless and
uncertain. His face was red and there
was a mock heartiness and mock jocu-
larity about him, which she was not
able to understand. She was sure it
was deceitful, cunning and dishonest.

"Well Rube how are you?" he said
with gross familiarity not deigning to
rise from his chair.